WONDERS OF
N CHEMISTRY
lian and its Associates.
8 SEEN AND FELT! AS
EY DAILY OCCUR
SING A FEW DOSES OF
RADWAY'S
APARILLIAN
SOLVENT,
-THE-
Blood Purifier.
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Leucorrhœa and Uterine Diseases.
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the lungs; in gout, dyspepsia, rheu-
in mercurial deposits—it is in these
ases, where the human body has be-
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wherein this great remedy challenges
and admiration of the sick. It is in
all the pleasures of existence appear
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sh, a few doses will in most cases, and
most aggravated forms, work a per-
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R. R.
DWAY'S
Y RELIEF
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One to Twenty
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ONE HOUR
his advertisement need any one
ER WITH PAIN?
's Ready Relief.
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DWAY'S
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Chilblains and Frost Bites.
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half a tumbler of water will in a few
mps, Spasms, Sour Stom-
s, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa,
ss, Wind in the Bowels,
mal Pains.
always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S
with them. A few drops in water will
e pains from change of water.
French Brandy or Bitters as a stim
AND AGUE.
AGUE cured for fifty cents! There
ent in this world that will cure FEVER
corner Church Streets, New
ollars worth thousands will be sent free.
RADWAY'S
ATING PILLS,
ect, elegantly coated with sweet gum
gently, clear, soft strengthen and
e cure of all disorders of the Stomach
Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Head
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ver, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles
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tive cure. Purely vegetable, contain
universals or deleterious drugs.
the following symptoms resulting from
Digestive Organs:
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Skin, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness
Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs
Wyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs
ation of Heat, Burning in the Flesh
Radway's Pills will free the system from
ing disorders. Price 25 cents per box.
ld.
READ
ise and True."
stamp to RADWAY & Co., No.
corner Church Streets, New
dollars worth thousands will be sent you.

Horticultural Society

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM AND THE GARDEN.

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

PUTREFACTIVE FERMENTATION.

We come next to the putrefactive fermentation. To this all the others seem to be tending, though the course may be occasionally checked by art. This indeed is the final change by which living bodies are returned to the earth from which they originally came and are fitted to afford nourishment to other living bodies, and the wisdom of this arrangement is very evident, since otherwise the earth must be soon overrun with the various living products. As it is, there is a perpetual change; the shrub which fades and rots in the autumn affords nourishment to that which is to spring up in its place in the succeeding spring, and this it does by furnishing various salts, as well as a substance known by the name of vegetable, and these salts and extracts are the principal products of the putrefactive fermentation. Like all the other fermentations, this requires a certain temperature, that of seventy degrees is most favorable. A less heat retards its progress—a greater is apt to dry up the moisture which is necessary. The former fermentations of which we have treated, happen only to fluid juices of vegetables, but as this affects solids also, it requires some moisture without which indeed no chemical change or scarcely any ever takes place. This also must be present in a certain proportion. If wood, for instance, is kept constantly immersed in water it will not rot; neither will it do so when perfectly dry; a slight degree of moisture or dampness or alternations of wet and dryness are most likely to produce it.

A current of air is likewise unfavorable, perhaps because it checks the rise of temperature, which always accompanies and seems to be a necessary condition of fermentation. This fermentation takes place most rapidly when wet vegetables are heaped together. The mass grows warm, smokes, and sometimes even takes fire. Moist hay is very liable to this accident, and doubtless fires are occasionally caused by it; after a while the mass gives out an offensive smell very deleterious to health, and becomes changed to a black, mouldy heap. The circumstances of putrefaction indeed are too familiar to require to be detailed. The theory of the change is obscure and unsatisfactory; it seems to result in the separation of an animal or vegetable substance into its constituent parts, which, as observed before, are thus left at liberty to be taken up by and form a part of future living bodies.

It is obviously an operation of great importance, for since plants cannot come to perfection without a supply of that extract which is derived from the destruction of other plants—and animals cannot exist without a supply of vegetable food, it is difficult to see how the world would get on without the putrefactive fermentation. On the other hand, if vegetables and animals did not decay, very few of the latter could exist, for after consuming such parts of existing vegetables as were fitted for their support, they must move from place to place, partly in search of new supplies and partly to get out of the way of the leavings, and finally die themselves, after having stripped the earth of everything worth having. As it is, there is a perpetual and beautiful circulation, the plant supports the animal and the decaying animal gives new vigor to the plant. What we throw away as useless nature, elaborates and presents to us again in a more desirable or useful form—and our bodies play their part in various ways, long after they have become unfit for the habitation of the soul.

The tendency to the putrefactive fermentation, like all the effects of the general laws of nature, is sometimes convenient and sometimes very much otherwise. It is encouraged by mankind for one considerable purpose only, that is, for the formation of manure. Many substances that would readily dry and become a useless incumbrance, are made to turn to account by heaping together so as to prevent their heat and moisture from escaping. The putrefactive fermentation is thus encouraged, and the mass becomes sooner fitted for the support of plants. Manures, indeed, are useful in two ways—when the fermentation is completed they serve probably only as affording nourishment, but the completion of this operation requires a long time, and in most manures are used before it has taken place entirely. The operation, therefore, is still partially going on after the manure is mingled with the earth, and has the farther good of affording an encouraging warmth to seeds, which would perhaps without it, never germinate, for this requires a certain temperature. The air also which is extricated constantly during the fermentation, heaves and loosens the earth around and above it, thus giving room to the stalk to rise and the root to expand itself.

It is the farmer, however, alone, who feels most interest in studying the best method of encouraging putrefaction. Most other persons feel more interested in the reverse, in the prevention of it. The tendency, indeed, is a serious evil in many points of view. At certain seasons it gives much trouble in respect to articles of food, and at all seasons endangers the safety and permanency of our houses, bridges, fences, and such other matters as in this country are made of vegetable substances.

The various means of preventing the natural consequence of this tendency are reducible, of course, to very simple principles. The main object is to keep off moisture. Thus, we endeavor to have the air circulate freely over such portions of our buildings as are liable to imbibe it; or we paint or varnish or lacquer them so as to exclude it altogether. We choose the heart wood for the same reason in preference to the sap, which is more porous and ready, like a sponge, to catch up any dampness.

Vegetable substances, as timber, are in this way protected for a long period—but animal substances are naturally and essentially so full of moisture, that it is excessively difficult to prevent their putrefaction—especially when favored by a certain temperature. It may be done, however, by drying, as in the case of wood, and articles of food, as well as anatomical preparations, are made thus to remain free from it for years.

Certain places, as the Deserts of Africa and the Island of Malta, have such a tendency to absorb and carry off the moisture of animal substances, that they rarely putrefy. Thus we are told that the bodies of travellers who have been killed by the hot winds of the Desert, remain without any tendency to decay, and we have seen in the subterranean burying places of Malta and in the Morgue on the great St. Bernard, crowds of human bodies which had stood there for years, in the dress in which they deceased, and altered only by being so dried as to have less, perhaps, than a twentieth part of their original weight. The rock of which the Island of Malta is composed is of a light, dry and porous character, which readily absorbs moisture from any body in its neighborhood.

Certain spices, salt, saltpetre, &c., have also a tendency to prevent putrefaction, as all are well aware from common experience.

Charcoal possesses this power in a very high degree; meat imbedded in charcoal powder will continue sweet for a long time, and even if slightly tainted will become so again. Carbonic acid gas or fixed air has the same property, and meat has been preserved long by putting it up in air-tight boxes filled with this air. We have eaten a piece of fresh meat which had been roasted two years before and preserved in this way, and many others have probably done the like.

The power and skill of man have been perhaps as well illustrated in this manner as in most others. Animal body which has died of any disease, has the greatest tendency of any known thing to rapid putrefaction; in warm climates the change commences in a few hours, and yet the ancient inhabitants of Egypt set this powerful law of nature at absolute defiance, and by the practice of embalming, have left their remains to excite the wonder of succeeding generations for three thousand years, and likely for anything that appears, to continue thousands more.

The Apiary.

BEE SMOKERS.—Fearing there may still be found a few who are deterred from keeping bees from fear of stings, allow me to describe a smoker easily manufactured by any one with a little ingenuity. It is a modification of the Quimby, and though quite as effectual, may be made at a trifling cost. To a two-ounce tin box, solder on one side near the bottom a small tube four or five inches long, leading to the inside; opposite this, in the bottom of the box, punch one half inch hole and cover with perforated tin or fine wire cloth. This box should be attached by small wrought iron nails or screws to a small pair of bellows made of one-fourth of an inch board, and covered with sheepskin, having a hole about three and a half inches from point to correspond with hole in bottom of box. Our own instruments are five inches wide by eight inches long, with spring holding them open attached to the inside, so that they can be worked with one hand. When wanted for use, the box may be filled with a little roll of cotton batting, dry decayed wood or other material.—*Cor. Bee Journal.*

PARASITES ON BEES.—The *Rural World* reports that at the last meeting of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences, Prof. C. V. Riley, the President, read a communication from G. W. Barnes of San Diego, Cal., in relation to parasites found upon bees in that State. The parasite was described as the color of a flaxseed and easily distinguished by the naked eye. It appears usually under the wing of the bee, and adheres with considerable tenacity. It occasionally crawls all over the bee, and is quite agile in its movements. The bees afflicted with the vermin become agitated and move rapidly over the comb, frequently dying of injuries. The parasites were first noticed there last year, and have again appeared this season, giving considerable trouble in large apiaries. Specimens of the insects afflicted accompanied the letter, and Prof. Riley said the parasite was the larva of the blister beetle. It was well known that these larva attach themselves to bees and were thus carried into the hive, where they usually left the grown bee and attacked the larva. Prof. Riley had not before heard that these insects injured the fully developed bees. The information was valuable, if reliable.

Farming in New England.—Recently we objected to the statement made by some New England newspapers that farming in that part of the country is on the decline. We showed that the illustrations given only applied to the vicinity of large cities, or in other exceptional cases, and had no relation to agriculture as we found it generally over the land. Since then we have come across some statements which show that the removals are not altogether to other States, but to other parts of the same territory; and this makes the story about the decline of farming as a general business in New England very absurd.

This state of things is particularly marked in Maine, where above all we should suppose agriculture to be less encouraging than elsewhere. There are in that State large tracts of land unreclaimed from the virgin forest, and these tracts are being bought up in lots of one hundred acres each, by the very men who are said to be disgusted with New England farming, and have pulled up stakes and moved away.

The fact proves what we have already said. The changes made are not against farming; but in the farming interest. Progressive changes make certain tracts too dear in some cases and too poor in others; and the movers are not going out of the business, or "out of the east," but suiting themselves at home to the progress made.—*Ger. Telegraph.*

— Let verbena stalks lie down on the ground, if you wish to propagate for fall blooming. Hold them to the earth with hair pins, split sticks, or bits of wire.

Correspondence.

A TRIP TO THE PROVINCES.

LETTER NUMBER TWO.

MALPEQUE, PRINCE EDWARD'S ISLAND, Aug. 27th, 1876.

To the Editor of the Massachusetts Ploughman:

Since my last letter in the *Ploughman* from St. John, N. B., I have had a series of delightful experiences, and those of the readers of the *Ploughman* who have never visited this island, should at some time give themselves the privileges we have enjoyed.

It is a beautiful country, the air is exhilirating and the scenery is varied and interesting, and a trip or sojourn here is something to be remembered.

Leaving St. John by way of the Intercolonial Railroad, we had a tedious all-night ride to Shediac; here we embarked on a steamer that plies between Shediac and Summerside, P. E. I., crossing the straits of Northumberland.

The trip across the straits takes about four hours, and if the wind is in the right, or rather the *wrong* quarter, the sea is exceedingly bad, being a regular or irregular if you prefer, "chop sea" of the "awashiest" kind.

The name Summerside is altogether too fine and attractive for the town, which is by far the most unattractive town I ever visited.

Our stay at Summerside was brief, and as soon as we could secure a team and driver we started on a fourteen mile ride for Malpeque, pronounced *mol-peck*, and arrived here at six P. M., on Wednesday. Our stopping place is at the house of Mr. Beairsto, and we are exceedingly well situated. There are quite a number of people here from "The States," and they constitute an unusually companionable house full. Mr. Beairsto and his wife "know how to keep a hotel," and we can most cordially recommend them and their house to visitors to the Island.

It a person who was familiar with the characteristics of western scenery could be suddenly transported here, blindfolded, he would, on recovering his vision, at once suppose himself to be among the grain fields of the west.

As far as the eye can reach, are immense stretches of level, well-cared-for farms, without a stone or rock upon them, and the amount of land devoted to grain-growing constitutes four-fifths of the whole area of cultivated land; oats are the principal grain grown, although wheat occupies no inconsiderable space. The oat crop is the principal crop of the island, and the variety grown is the black or Norway oat.

I think the readers of the *Ploughman*, would accuse me of "drawing the long bow" if I attempted to say how large the annual yield is; suffice it to say, oat fields succeed oat fields as far as the eye can reach in all directions, and the yield of fifty bushels to the acre is not uncommon. In fact, it is near the average, as sixty and seventy bushels are common occurrences. Now, of course, you will say the land must be remarkably fertile that will give so large a crop in so high a latitude; to which I will reply, that the whole island is composed entirely of decomposed red sandstone. No matter how many dozens of miles you may travel, you see nothing in the shape of soil except the red sandy loam, and if you go to the shore, you will see where the waves have disrupted the different strata; at the base, solid red sandstone, then cracked and ruptured sandstone, then crumbly and coarse sandstone layers, until looking up to the surface, or the upper edge of the cliff, you see the sandstone powdered and weather broken to the consistency of sandy loam.

The most astonishing thing about this sandy earth is its fertility, newly broken fields producing immense crops in successive seasons without fertiliastion.

Whether there is any chemical change the sandstone undergoes as it decomposes, I know not, but the fact is not to be controverted; it is excessively fertile.

Of course, after the land has been cropped year after year, it loses its productiveness, and formerly, after a certain yield was not reached, it was the custom to cease cultivating the old land and break up new. But about twenty years since it was discovered that the means of regenerating the land existed on its own shores.

All along the coast and extending into it, sometimes many miles, are numerous bays and estuaries and inlets; these have on their whole bottom surface a stratum of what is called *mussell mud*, which, if applied to the land, no matter how much it has been cropped, produces the most astonishing results. This deposit is from five to fifteen feet in depth, and in all the specimens I have examined it seems to consist of the shells of oysters and mussells which have lain for a great length of time, probably thousands of years, and have become partially decomposed by the action of the water.

I have failed to find any fossils among its constituents, and no trace of any odor; in what its wonderful manurial power lies is to me a conundrum, but it constitutes a mine of wealth to the islanders.

It is dredged out of the bays in the winter through holes cut through the ice; sixteen one horse cart loads to the acre is a dressing that will produce a very large crop. The Prince Edward Islanders are an industrious, thriving people. They are largely Scotch, and to the uninitiated the dialect is peculiar.

It is not much above a year since the Island became one of the confederation of provinces of Canada. Prior to that time the land was mostly owned in England, but few of the occupiers of the farms owning them, nearly all leasing from English landlords; but when the Island was taken into the confederation three commissioners were appointed to appraise the land and have it, by eminent domain, pass into the control of the Canadian government; the sum of eight hundred thousand dollars was fixed upon and paid to the English owners, and all land *leased* by them passed into the control of the Dominion authorities. The people who occupied the farms by leases, of course, had the first refusal of the land they held, but there are vast tracts now for sale on exceedingly easy terms. The climate during the summer months is delightful, but the winters are very long and severe; the entire surrounding ocean even to Labrador being covered with ice.

All communication with the rest of the world is cut off, and the Islanders depend on their own resources.

I have written so much on the Island, agriculturally, that I will not "extend my remarks" much further.

For game we have plover and curlew shooting.

For fishing we have sea trout and mackerel. The milk, butter and cheese of the Island are the best I have ever seen or tasted. The mutton and beef are also excellent.

The drives in all directions are charming, and if one wishes to sail no place can furnish better facilities for gratifying the desire.

To-morrow we go on a sea-trouting excursion, and as the hour is late I will say good-bye for the present. S.

IRRIGATION.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

During this dry season my mind has been peculiarly active on the subject of irrigation here in New England. I can see no reason why we farmers cannot avail ourselves of this preventive against drought, and thus make certain a sure and bountiful crop, as the farmers in Utah or any other place. We, here in New England, have relied too much upon the latter rains, when after 250 years' of experience in climatic observations, we still find a drought during the months of July, August, September and October. We hear all along through the farming districts the doleful answer to the question "how are your crops?" "Oh, all dried up; shan't have half a crop." Now, Mr. Editor, there appears to me that there is the remedy in irrigation; there is hardly any farm but near by there is a hill on which there can be made a reservoir, either scooped, or a cistern placed there and filled with water from a well that may be sunk in proximity, by a pump either worked by windmill, horse power or hand, and from said reservoir or tank the water conveyed to the cultivated lands, and thus keep up the fertility through the drough.

This irrigation is one important thing wanted to make our soil attractive enough to keep New England from becoming depopulated by sturdy cultivators; too long has this arm of the service in agriculture been neglected. Let us awake to its importance, and shut off the desponding answer that is so proverbial.

Yours respectfully, PROGRESS.

P. S. I have been brought to the above conclusion by the present drought, coupled with Mr. Flint's reasons given in his Report of the effects of irrigation in Utah, on his actual acquaintance by personal observation, and cannot see why the same results will not be realized in our New England.

ARKANSAS.

Manufacturing Materials—Water Power—Factories and Mines Exempt from Taxation, Crops, etc.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In a fertile and productive country, no great community can be long or greatly prosperous, unless it has the disposition and ability to supply most of its wants. The example of England and Germany conclusively shows that the nation or State that utilizes all its forces and encourages the employment of every human faculty, is the one which becomes the most wealthy and powerful; while the example of Persia and Turkey shows that nations that engage in only one pursuit, to the comparative neglect of all others, do not have a flourishing growth, and are not capable of resisting adversity.

The people of a State should so direct their employments, that success would not be contingent upon a bountiful harvest of a single crop. They should establish and stimulate manufactories, open and develop mines, and diversify their associations.

Before the war the Southern States, by directing all their energies to the production of cotton and sugar, and neglecting the grain crops, had to look to the North almost entirely for breadstuffs. But during the last few years, they have been aiming to produce a large portion of their food supplies, and as a result, they are becoming more prosperous than ever before.

There are no lean pigs or poor horses to be seen in Northern Arkansas; corn and wheat are plenty, corn is worth thirty cents per bushel, and wheat from 60 cents to $1.00 per bushel, and all other grains, grasses, vegetables and fruits, are abundant and cheap.

This State has all the elements necessary to maintain manufacturing towns all through it, and is able to sustain the producer and consumer side by side. It has abundant water power, extensive coal fields, and illimitable quantities of raw material entering into the thousand manufactured products suited to the wants of a civilized people. If it will put forth its hand, it can successfully compete with either New England or old England in the manufactory of many articles for which money is now sent abroad.

Valuable forests of the best of timber used in mechanical industry, are to be found all over the State, and will furnish material for agricultural implements, furniture, wagons and the various other uses for which timber is employed. In all parts of the State are valuable metals and minerals; Arkansas has over three thousand miles of navigable rivers, and about one thousand miles of railroads, and more being constructed. The rivers flow from northwest to southeast and penetrate all portions of the State, insuring rapid and cheap transportation and giving it the largest area of rich valley agricultural land of any State in the Union.

The capital, stock, premises, machinery and all tools, materials or other property directly pertaining to the conduct of manufacturing or mining business, together with the products of such factory or mine while in the possession of the original manufacturer or miner, is *exempt from taxation*. All things considered, I am impressed with the opinion that there is no better unoccupied field in the United States for cotton and woollen mills and other manufactories, than Northwestern Arkansas.

Under the influence of the present wise and vigilant State administration, the disorders and prejudices consequent upon civil war and reconstruction have been silenced and forgotten. Laws for the punishment and prevention of crime are as rigidly executed as in any of the States. Institutions of learning abound, and churches and Sunday schools are convenient to every door. The rules of morality and the religion of the Bible bear undisputed sway. The State is exempt from the droughts and winds of Texas, the Indians and grasshoppers of Kansas and Nebraska, and from the snow storms and floods of the Middle States. It has never known the presence of the yellow fever, or suffered from the ravages of cholera. It is destined to be, and is daily proving to be, a highway to fortune for the rich, and the "Land of Promise" to the poor man, whether laborer, mechanic or farmer. C.

FLORIDA.

Ho! for the South.

A corrrespondent asks if confirmed dyspeptics get relief by residing in Florida. I have seen quite a number who have assured me the climate was of itself an excellent antidote, and life in the "Piney woods," particularly camping out on the Gulf coast, would relieve the most obstinate case of dyspepsia in a few weeks. I have met occasional cases that seemed to baffle every remedy, and from such persons we are apt to receive very discouraging accounts of everything appertaining to the country. Hence, in reading such descriptions of Florida, I trust the readers of the *Ploughman* will make some allowance; at the same time, do not suppose it is all sunshine and success from the cheerful manner in which I picture it. My nature and excellent health enable me to see the Sunny South with a degree of cheerfulness that I wish every one possessed.

I find that some of the very worst cases of neuralgia have found very speedy relief on the Gulf coast, while they were aggravated on the Atlantic shore. Rheumatism is another complaint that usually yields to the influence of the climate, and I can cite individual cases where remarkable cures have taken place. Catarrh, which is a native of the Northwest and one of the curses of the climate of Minnesota, (I speak from personal experience) is readily under control in this climate. In regard to fevers, I copy from the report of Surgeon General Lawson, made several years ago.

"In the Middle Division of the United States the proportion is one death to thirty-six cases of remittent fever; in the Northern Division, one to fifty-two; in the Southern Division, one to fifty-four. In Texas, one to seventy-eight; in California, one to one hundred and twenty-two; in New Mexico, one to one hundred and forty-eight, while in Florida it is but *one to two hundred and eighty-seven.*

"The general healthfulness of many parts of Florida, particularly the Gulf coast, is proverbial.

"In short, it may be asserted, without fear of refutation, that Florida possesses a much more agreeable and salubrious climate than any other State or Territory in the Union."

Nervous complaints find something soothing in the Gulf atmosphere, and I know of no affliction worse than prostration from nervous debility. Of consumption—bronchial and liver complaints—so much has already been published in favor of Florida as a grand resort for the afflicted of those diseases, that further recommendation would be superfluous.

I venture to predict, that, within two years, there will not be a spring in Middle Florida, nor an accessible point on the Gulf coast, south and southwest of Tallahassee, without one or more hotels, where people will flock from all parts of the Union, and not a few from foreign countries. Those waters are beginning to get a world wide reputation, particularly among physicians, and in the most aggravated cases of female complaints, they almost invariably advise a trip to Florida.

My advice to New Englanders (that's my home) is to visit Florida while in good health. Winter there at any rate. It is all very well for those not able to get away, to declare that cold weather invigorates the brain, and all the tact and energy, brilliant intellect and all that sort of thing, is found in the north; but to those who desire to spend their winters at half the cost of one in New England, and fill the time with real solid enjoyment, at the same time aid in building up the South and financially assist themselves, let me suggest they try Middle or Western Florida. Have little homes of their own—a dozen families might club together and buy forty acres of land—put up a building on the banock plan, each family is separate and yet one cook house and one dining room serves for all, one cook and one set of servants can serve a dozen families with little more labor than one would require. In this way each family could have fare equal to the best hotel, enjoy all the comfort and privacy of home life, and at the same time produce from their land all the luxuries the climate affords, while at the North in the summer the grounds can be properly cared for at very small expense, and a winter and early spring crop of vegetables would come in succession. It must be borne in mind that every month in the year Florida produces some food crop. O. H. K.

CROPS IN MAINE.—The editor of the *Maine Farmer* says of the prospects of the crops in that State:

"Generally the grain crop has been very good, and a ride of sixty or seventy miles into the country to the northward during the past week confirmed by observation the reports that have reached us concerning the good yield of grain. The hay crop has been a large one, and grass fields and pastures were never looking better at this season than now. Corn is heavy, promising a great yield, while the fields are large, strongly reminding us of the old-fashioned times when the farmers used to have large corn fields and large grain fields—a fashion we should be glad to know was being revived in our State. In some places potatoes have commenced to rust, and in others are as green as in June, but the crop is doing well, and it is believed will be better than last year. Apples are scarce, and from some cause, not perhaps fully understood, the crop will be much lighter than was counted upon early in the spring, but larger than that of last year."

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

ANALYSIS OF ONIONS.

A Contribution from the Chemical Laboratory of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

BY PROF. CHAS. A. GOESSMANN.

NUMBER VIII.

The material for our examination was kindly furnished by Professor L. Stockbridge, and the analysis carried out under my direction, by Messrs. Charles Welsington and E. B. Bragg, of Amherst, Mass., graduates of the class of 1873 and of 1875 of the Massachusetts Agricultural College.

One thousand parts of air dry onions—without the leaves—proved to consist of Water (at 100 deg.—110 deg. F.).....892.0 parts.
Dry vegetable matter.....108.0 parts.

The latter contained—2.12 parts of nitrogen, 0.48 parts of sulphur, and left by a careful combustion—4.36 parts of ash constituents. One bushel of onions—equal to fifty-two pounds—consisted in one case of 46.38 pounds of water and 5.62 pounds of dry vegetable matter.

One hundred parts of the above mentioned ash of the onions contained the following percentages of essential articles of mineral plant food:

Potassium oxide	38.51 per cent.
Sodium oxide	1.90 " "
Calcium oxide	8.20 " "
Magnesium oxide	3.65 " "
Sesqui oxide of iron	0.58 " "
Silicic acid	3.33 " "
Phosphoric acid	15.80 " "
Sulphuric acid not determined.	

The sulphuric acid contained *in the ash*, has not been determined; for the results, however carefully it might have been secured, would not convey a correct idea regarding the amount of sulphuric acid, which a complete oxydation of the *entire* quantity of sulphur contained in a well developed and fresh onion, will produce. The above mentioned 0.48 parts of sulphur, found in one thousand parts of air dry onions, represent the entire amount of that element present, without reference to any particular form; 0.48 parts of sulphur is equal to 1.2 parts of anhydrous sulphuric acid. It is quite customary in reporting the analytical results of agricultural objects, as seeds, roots, straw, etc., to state the entire amount of sulphur found as sulphuric acid; for the latter compound is the form in which its total quantity is usually by weight determined. Adopting that course here, a single calculation of the previously specified analytical statements shows, that in our case, from four hundred and forty-one to four hundred and forty-two bushels, of fifty-two pounds each, of onions in an air dry fresh state, contained:

Potassium oxide	38.51 pounds
Sodium oxide	1.90 "
Magnesium oxide	3.60 "
Calcium oxide	8.20 "
Sesqui oxide of iron	0.58 "
Silicic acid	3.33 "
Phosphoric acid	15.80 "
Sulphuric acid	23.91 "
Nitrogen	48.63 "

The composition of the onions, as represented in the preceeding figures, appears quite remarkable when compared with that of most other farm crops. The percentage of their ash constituents is small, similar to that of some of our fruits, as pears, plums, cherries, etc.; the potassium and the nitrogen, and in particular, the sulphur, are in exceptional large proportions present.

The most striking property of the onions consists in their strong and peculiar odor, particularly when lacerated or crushed. This characteristical odor is mainly due to a *volatile organic compound containing sulphur.*

The element sulphur is an essential plant-constituent; it occurs in larger or smaller proportions in all plants and usually mainly in two conditions, namely: in *an oxydised form*, as sulphuric acid, *in combination with the alkalies* and *alkaline earths*—as potassa or lime, and also as a *mere elementary constituent of a very important group of nitrogen* containing organic compounds, commonly known by their generic name *vegetable albuminoids.* The latter are, in their original state, either soluble or insoluble in water at ordinary temperatures, and occur in both modifications quite generally diffused in varying quantities, in all parts of the growing plants. Some of their representatives,—as vegetable albumin, vegetable fibrin or gluten, and vegetable casein or legumin serve in the animal economy as the principal material for the formation of blood and flesh. The comparative high feeding value of the seeds of the cereals, as wheat, rye, oats, etc., and of those of the leguminous plants, as beans and peas, depends on the large percentage of albuminoids, gluten and legumin which they contain. Neither of these previously mentioned sulphur-containing constituents of plants impart any particular odor to the latter which could be properly ascribed to the presence of sulphur; nothing short of a decomposition of the plant, under a limited access, or an entire exclusion of the air will produce the offensive odor of volatile sulphur compounds. There are, however known, comparatively speaking, a few families of plants, which contain a part of their sulphur in combinations of an exceptional character. The most conspicuous quality of these peculiar organic sulphur-containing compounds consists in the circumstances that they impart under certain conditions, strong and offensive odors to the plants or parts of plants which contain them. These odors are noticeable in some plants already during certain stages of their growth, and vary in intensity in their different organs—for instance, in the case of the onion, Allium orfa L, and the common garlic—Allium sativum L. In other plants they are not formed during any particular period of their development, but may be evolved by crushing the plants or their particular parts, and adding water at a suitable temperature to favor a mutual reaction of the contents of their various systems of cells upon each other, as in the case of the black and the white mustard seeds—Sinapis nigra and Sinapis alba L.

Changes like those previously stated, do not cease at once after these and similar vegetable substances have been consumed as food, nor are the offensive smelling combinations after entering into circulation at once oxydized; they permeate the entire animal system, and impart their peculiar odor, more or less, upon almost every form of animal secretion; in case of cows, upon the milk in particular. The well known effect of a small quantity of the common garlic on the quality of the milk, if by chance consumed, is a practical illustration of the previous remarks. Two of the best investigated sub stances which cause these results, and are well known in many of their relations to chemists, are called allylsulphide and allyl rhodanide. The former causes in a large degree the odor of the common garlic and the onions; the latter, that of the moist, crushed, black mustard seeds. Plant constituents, which give rise to these and similar volatile organic sulphur, containing compounds of an offensive odor, are by no means confined to the few plants thus far referred to; they are, judging from actual observation and from analogy, quite frequently found in larger or small quantities within the representatives of many species of two great, and from an agricultural standpoint, very important families of plants namely: the *Liliaceae*, to which the onion and the garlic belong; and the *Cruciferae*, to which mustard, cabbage, radish, turnips, etc., belong. One of the first conditions of a good pasture for dairy business, is the exclusion of plants of the above description.

Amherst, August 29th, 1876.

APPLE TREE BORERS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Thinking perhaps some of the readers of the *Ploughman* would like to learn of some way of ridding their trees of this pest, we send you remedies that have been tried, and are therefore safe and reliable.

First, to carefully examine the tree and dig him out with the knife. Second, one pound of sal soda dissolved in four quarts of water, and this applied around the butt of the tree. To be applied with a brush at the butt, four or five times a year. One application will remove the bark louse completely and give the tree a beautiful appearance. These we have tried and know their merits.

A practical nurseryman tells us that he wraps a piece of common brown paper five or six times around the tree, extending from the top root up the trunk of the tree about six or eight inches, and fastens it with a stout string or tacks. He then paints this paper with coal tar. One application will do for two or three years; and will smother the borer to death eventually. In applying this remedy be careful and keep the two away from a direct contact with the bark of the tree.

If ants work around the butt of the tree, put two tablespoonfuls of sulphur upon them. This will in a few days cause them to leave, and is perfectly harmless to the tree itself. A quart or two of wood ashes put upon them will accomplish the same results.

J. N. A.

Stuartdale, R. I., Aug. 29, 1876.

Liquid Manures.—It is generally believed that no system of enriching land for small gardens, with a view to perfection of crops, is so truly economical and so easily available as that of liquid manure. We occasionally hear of a gardener, or an amateur fruit grower, who has practised enriching the crop by use of liquid manure, but it is not a common practice so to enrich our gardens and lawns, however oftimes the advocacy of the practice has been written. The writer practiced the sprinkling of a lawn in a dry season, with weak liquid manure, water, and in the greatest of heat and drouth has kept it fresh and green. In the management of pot plants, no course of supplying food equals that of a judicious use of liquid manure. There are in almost every family waste liquids, which usually go into a sewer or drains, or possibly upon the road, where they are of no avail, but if saved by being conducted to a tank, along with wash waters of the house, would enrich an entire garden for vegetables and fruits, flower borders, etc., and the whole, if the wash be applied regularly, and at night, after sunset, in moderate quantities, the driest weather of midsummer would not check vegetation. If an unpleasant odor comes from the tank, a little plaster (gypsum), sprinkled in and around the tank would keep it sweet and clean. Again, the use of liquid manure need never delay planting because of manure not being on hand, but planting could proceed, and the application of manure be made at leisure.—F. R. ELLIOT *in American Rural Home.*

YARDS FOR POULTRY.—One of our most experienced poultry breeders, speaking of poultry in small yards, says: A dozen fowls would do very well in a yard 50 feet square, with a little grass plot in one cor

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT 9, 1876.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,

And the United States Centennial Exhibition of Live Stock.

The officers of the New England Agricultural Society desirous of securing for New England a creditable Exhibit on of Live Stock at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, hereby notify the breeders and stock raisers of New England that their offices, No. 45 Milk Street, Boston, will be open constantly, with some one in attendance, to give all necessary information with reference to the Live Stock Exhibition at Philadelphia.

This Exhibition will commence September 1st.

GEO. B. LORING, President.
DANIEL NEEDHAM, Secretary.

Meeting of the New England Agricultural Society and others at the Centennial.

The Committee who have in charge the Farmers' gathering at Philadelphia, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th, will be in session at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society, No. 45 Milk St., Boston, on Saturday, Sept. 16, at 11 A. M

GEO. B. LORING,
E. B. PHINNEY,
GEO W. RIDDLE,
DANIEL NEEDHAM, } Committee.

Boston, Sept 4, 1876.

The meeting at the Headquarters of the New England Agricultural Society on Saturday, Sept. 2, was adjourned to next week Saturday, Sept. 16th, at the same place; at which time Col. Needham, who was appointed a committee to proceed to Philadelphia and complete all necessary arrangements for the reception and enter tainment of the Farmers of New England, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 10th, 11th and 12th, is expected to make his report. It will be of universal interest, because it will cover all the points on which the farmers will wish to be specially informed. At that time it will be fairly understood what is wanted to be done, what has been done, and what can be done.

The foreign news deepens in interest, Servia has been dreadfully beaten in the battle at Alexinats, and all seems to be up with her. The details of the flight of the Servians are simply horrible. The atrocities of the Turkish soldiers in Bulgavia beggar description. The English press is loud in its demands for a prompt expiation by the Turkish Government of these nameless barbarities. It is surmised that Servia, which has reposed so strongly on Russian aid, will now confidently expect Russia to openly befriend her now. It has all become only question of whether Turkey can be restrained by England or Russia will jump into the war against her.

In transporting some of the dynamite to Hell Gate for the explosion beneath the surface which is about to be made, it exploded on board a scow in the stream, killing three men instantly and fatally wounding six others. Limbs, heads and fragments of bodies were thrown indiscriminately everywhere. The houses far and near on Long Island were shaken to their foundations. It all came of careless handling of the dangerous explosive.

Agriculture is King at the Centennial. A single look at the grounds now will make that feel plain. The collection of Live Stock is a noble one, and constantly increasing. People are waking up to this imposing feature of the Exhibition, and universally exclaim that it is the worthiest possible culmination of this great international enterprise.

NEW ENGLAND LIVE STOCK EXHIBITION.

An adjourned meeting of the Committee of the New England Agricultural Society was held on Saturday last, at the Society's Headquarters, No. 45 Milk street. Prominent among those present were Messrs. Loring, Needham, Phinney, John Brooks, of Princeton, B. P. Ware, of Marblehead, O. B. Hadwen, of Worcester, Herbert Merriam, of Weston, and others, representing the Live Stock interest in different sections of New England. President Loring being called away, Col. Needham presided. There were reports made concerning trip fares over the O. d Colony and New York and New England Railroads, which showed that by neither route over the Sound, Newport or Norwich, would the round trip exceed $9 50. The admission to the Exhibition will be half a dollar more. Tickets for the round trip, including admission, could be procured for $10.00, good for thirty days. A letter from S. M. Wells, Esq., Secretary of the Connecticut State Society, was read in reference to cattle freight, in which he stated that a train of fourteen cars would start from Connecticut, at Putnam, that would go through to Philadelphia in ten hours; and that for such cars of the train as may start from Boston, the through time to Philadelphia would be thirteen hours. Major Phinney reported the receipt of a letter from Mr. Riley, proprietor of the Grand Exposition Hotel, adjoining the Exhibition grounds, offering to furnish all those who go under the auspices of the New England Agricultural Society supper, lodging and breakfast at $2 50 per day, or lodging alone for $1.00. Col. Needham was appointed a Committee to visit Philadelphia and make all proper arrangements concerning the accommodation of those who shall go with the New England Agricultural Society. Capt. H. A. Snow, of the Fusileers, was present at the meeting, and made favorable suggestions in reference to a military escort for the trustees and representatives of the Society on the way to the Centennial and during the contemplated visit. The meeting then adjourned for two weeks, to reassemble at the Society's Headquarters, Saturday, Sept. 16.

TO THE CENTENNIAL LIVE STOCK EXHIAITION!

The New England Agricultural Society having been addressed by the managers of the Centennial Exhibition on the subject of giving its powerful aid to the agricultural feature of this grand enterprise, its Committee is actively engaged in preparing to set before the world the living product of the genuine and widely renowned farming of this section of the country.

Are you prepared, Farmers of New England, to assume your full share of the responsibility in this show of stock, which has just opened at the Centennial Exhibition? We have shown that its success depends more upon yourselves than upon the farmers of any other section of the country. It will not do to permit Canada to outdo the United States in this business, and carry of the chief and the most prizes. New England leaus the country in this stock-breeding industry, and to her the rest naturally look to organize success. The last part of the Exhibition is to be the most imposing by the addition of the agricultural feature. Than this none could be worthier. It is a supplement that, if properly presented, must create an impression long to be remembered. But to make a great success of it there is a determined effort still needed. No triumph of industry is ever achieved by chance.

Our appeal, then, is to every stock-grower in New England to at once personally interest himself in this new and noble branch of the Exhibition. It will bring to New England agriculture a renown that nothing in the future can shake. It will do more for the good cause of New England farming than anything that has been done in a century. After all, it is becoming a Farmers' Centennial. The sight of the noble horses and splendid specimens from the herds and flocks that are about to impart a fresh animation to the grand show, will leave an impression of pride that will last. The stock-growers will in this matter be great public benefactors, generously presenting for international inspection a collection of animals that is not to be seen on many occasions, and which nothing less than a great Exhibition like the present one could call out.

It takes brains to breed stock, as well as to invent designs, and make machinery, and paint pictures. There are brains enough engaged in New England about this work to command the world's attention by the result. Then let them lose no more time in deciding just what to do in connection with this International Exhibition. Let the choicest products of the stock-growers of New England be sent forward forthwith to Philadelphia, to swell the show, that before it is over, can claim to be the noblest feature it is over, can claim to be the noblest feature of this great Exhibition. A living show inevitably excites a warmer and wider interest than a merely inanimate one. Even the wonderful activities generated by steam are not of such human interest as the movements of horses and sheep and cattle. Live-stock has always carried off the palm, and always will. There are too many suggestions of wealth, of comfort, of reality, of enduring power about such an exhibition, to be overcome by those which spring from the public contemplation of any other ob jects.

To Philadelphia and the Exhibition, then, Farmers of New England, with the pick of your yards and the pride of your fields! The world will be there to admire your achievements and hail you with its acclamations.

The Horses at the Centennial.—

The international Horse Show, which is now a part of the Great Exhibition, includes a large number of distinguished and valuable animals. The fast trotters of this country have not yet been generally entered. The exhibition, so far, is particularly strong in draught-horses. An English draught horse, Royal Tom, stands five feet and seven inches high and weighs 2200 pounds. He is from Canada. The Percheron-Normanquis, from Canada, also, is a fine specimen of the Clydesdale. Pat Malloy, a dapple gray, from Ontario, weighs 2000 pounds. Lord Dufferin, Simon Pure, Lord Logan, Farmer's Fancy, and Glory of the Dominion, are the names of other heavy Canada animals, weighing each about 1750 pounds. Blucher is a trotter, a rich chestnut. Two draught mares—Empress, weighing 1967 pounds, and Queen of the Dominion, not so large—have taken respectively 27 and 23 first premiums. Royal George is a chestnut stallion, with four white feet. Terror is a brown thoroughbred. Pensylvania exhibits Highland Goldust, a chestnut, Ivanhoe, a bay, Oxford, a drait stallion weighing 1300 pounds, and several handsome matches. Also Nannie, a gray Percheron mare, with fifteen months old filly, and Prince Jerome, a Percheron. The largest horse on the grounds is Donald Dinnie, a Clydesdale, standing over 17 feet high and weighing 2250 pounds. Illinois sends Denmark, Duke de Charles, Mastodon, Independence, and Vidal. Maryland has a pure white Arabian. There are other horses on the grounds whom our space does not permit us to name, but there are truly splendid animals among them.

HON. CHARLES L. FLINT, Secretary Massachusetts State Board of Agriculture, is to deliver the address before the Union Agricultural Society, at Blandford, Hampden County, September 20th inst.

Better Business Look.—

September being the first Fall month, the interest is general to know something about the prospects of business. We are glad to be able to record positive signs of improvement. The time has come for moving the crops, and the rates for freights are low beyond precedent. Wheat, too, brings greatly reduced prices. The expectation is that England will require of us a much larger margin of this, which will tend to harden prices. The crop in this country is not up to the average, and therefore if England wants the same quantity as for 1875 it will be just so much the better for American agriculture. California ships large quantities on her own account. There is a prospect, too, in the judgments of some people, that gold and paper will come within five per cent of one another inside of four months. With coal and the ordinary supplies of life cheaper, with bare markets, low rates of transportation, and a good demand for exports, there are certainly good grounds for hope that we are on the eve of a revival of business, which, though slow, is destined to conduct us finally out of this dismal swamp of industrial stagnation.

Cheap Coal.—

The people who are consumers of coal—and who is not?—are experiencing a better feeling since the great auction sale of last week, which resulted in a general reduction of two dollars on all kinds of the article. Not only will it work well for domestic consumers, but especially for manufacturing industries. The cotton and woolen factories use large quantities of anthracite, and a reduction of two dollars on every ton makes a sensible difference on the final cost of their products. The owners can better afford to go on, if they find they can turn out goods more cheaply. We find, as a natural consequence of the present fall in coal, that orders are being given to start up factories and foundries that were out of work before. This gives labor to large numbers of persons who have long been idle, and those who are dependent on their industry are also benefited. These are some of the advantages of cheap coal.

☞ Ex-Governor Frederick Smyth of Manchester, N. H., will deliver the annual address at the Vermont State Fair at St. Albans on Wednesday, September 13, at 2 o'clock P. M.

The Man in the Dory.—

The "log" of Capt. Johnsen, the hardy and brave Danish sailor who left Gloucester harbor in a little one-masted, flat bottom, centre-board craft, for Liverpool, on the 18th of June, is at length given from the English papers. He arrived out in safety on the 21st of August. Once he was capsized in a heavy sea during a gale, though he had previously hove to and unshipped the mast. The craft got broadside on a big sea and went over, upside down. He got on the bottom and stuck there for twenty minutes, when another sea struck her and righted her again. This was in the middle of the afternoon. Just after getting into his boat he espied a hungry shark, that struck the side with its fins. He fastened a knife to an oar and cut him, driving him away. His boat was half filled with water, but he pumped it out, and then weathered out the gale, which continued all night. He lost his kerosene stove and his square sail by the accident. He run an average of seventy miles a day. He carried provisions for ninety days. When asked if he cared to repeat the voyage, he replied that "he thought he had had about enough of it." We should think so, too

Home Cooking.—

It the French can teach us Americans finance, they can also give us lessons in the preparation of food. Allowing for every difference in temperament, climate and general condition, we are to keep in view the fact that the human race is all the while subsisting on more refined kinds of food, every century. The Frenchman can live on as little as anybody, but that little he can make appear, and really become, a great deal. He does not starve. In this country, people are not to be told that they must do with less food. There is no doubt that much less would be better for them, but a more careful and artistic preparation of it would be better still. There is where it tells. A pound of beef may easily be made to go further and perform more real service to the human economy than it does. And vegetables can be worked in more than they are, to the advantage of health and strength. Is it not time for farmers and country people to think more about the nice preparation of their food, particularly if it will thus go farther and perform more efficient service?

These Forests Fires.—

During the past few weeks of drought the damage done in various parts of the country has been immense. What with the woodsman's axe and forest fires, the growths of wood and timber in our country threaten to be almost entirely swept away. To be sure, there is more or less memorial planting going forward in this Centennial year, but what can be planted in any single year will never make up for the losses that are taking place one year with another. In all the popular comments offered on the subject, we do not remember to have seen it suggested that these fires could not rage as they do except for protracted drouth and that this drouth is in turn due to the previous destruction of the forests themselves. But that is just about the whole logic of it. Another thing; not only are the trees that we used to grow forbidden to be cultured among us by the lack of natural shelter, but by so much clearing the birds are thinned out and driven back, so that the noxious insects have full swing. There is no use in trying to cheat nature.

The Poughkeepsie Bridge.—

The contracts for Bridge Company has this week gone to work on this Bridge across the Hudson, and from this time forth the enterprise will be pushed forward until completed. Enough money has been subscribed, and the contracts for lumber, labor, iron, and so forth have been made. It is something to see work actually begun. That means that talk is ended. The statement is that it will take three or four years to complete this great undertaking, but trains will be running across it much inside that time. It is the key to the whole railroad system of the Southwest. All that is required is to establish the connection. Not only Boston but New England will feel the benefit of this newest enterprise. And although but little stock in the Bridge has as yet been taken in this city, her future responsibilities in connection wi h its construction are by no means overlooked or unappreciated.

MAINE STATE FAIR.

Held at Portland, Aug. 29, 30, 31 & Sept. 1.

[From the Boston Journal's Report.]

TUESDAY, FIRST DAY.

The weather to-day was charming and everything that the managers and public could wish. The air cool, enriched with the breeze from the sea, and the sun just warm enough for comfort—in fact the day was one of the most delightful of the season. The attendance was very good, both at the Park and at the City Hall.

THE CATTLE.

While the display of cattle was large, some 1500 in all, it was not so extensive as last year. Experienced stock raisers informed us that it surpassed that of any previous fair in quality. Messrs. Coffin & White of Thorndike, exhibited a very large, finely matched and high grade pair of fat cattle of the Shorthorn stock, weighing about 6000 pounds, sired by the thoroughbred bull "Knight of Geneva," of the well-known Peter W. Ayer stock (Freedom.) They also had a fine pair of grade working oxen, 8 feet 2 inches girth, and a valuable 7 months grade heifer, 5 feet 1 inch girth. Mr. D. C. Libby of Gorham exhibited a splendid pair of fat cattle, weighing 5000 pounds, and Mr. Eli Stone of East Windham a very handsome pair of matched grade Hereford cattle.

Mr. J. M. Wing of Wayne, entered for the sweepstakes the noble pair of 6 year old grade cattle which took the first prize last year. Mr. Asa Berry of Monmouth had a fine pair of grade Herefords. Mr. A. C. Chandler of New Gloucester had two pair of very pretty marked large oxen, which he entered for the sweepstakes. Mr. J. M. Thompson of Smithfield also had an excellent pair. Mr. H. C. Burleigh of Fairfield, the widely renowned Hereford breeder, had his magnificent herd of 17 head, including the bull "Compton," 10 years old, an old Trojan, who has taken 64 highest prizes in all the New England States but Vermont at New England and State fairs. There was also a 2 year and a 3 year old bull of the Burleigh herd of great value and very promising in form, build and color. There were several of the cows and heifers of the herd which were very handsome. Mr. Burleigh was the leader in this especial line. Yet there were several other exhibitors, showing in lesser numbers equally as fine animals, many of the specimens being from the Burleigh stock. Mr. Eli Stone of East Windham exhibited a very promising Hereford bull, "Captain Boy," 3 years old. Mr. N. H. Churchill of North Parsonsfield, exhibited the "3d Duke of Somerset," 1 year old last May.

Of Grade Durhams there were also some superior representatives. Mr. W. P. Merrill of Falmouth, exhibited his valuable cow Beauty, 14 years old, of Durham and Devon stock, which gives 6 1-2 gallons of strained milk per day. She had a beauty of a calf but eight days old. The above named cow took the first prize at last year's fair. Mr. Merrill also had a very fine Grade Durham cow 2 years old, a rich and abundant milker, with a half Jersey calf 2 weeks and 3 days old; also a half Jersey yearling 5 1 2 feet girth, with a Grade Jersey calf. Mr. G. M. Stevens of Deering had four Grade cows (Durham and Hereford,) very rich milkers. Col. C. P. Mattocks of Portland (farm at East Baldwin) exhibited his valuable Grade Durham herd of 5 cows and 4 calves, also his full blooded Jersey bull Marshfield, 3 years old, which took the second premium last year. Mr. H. F. Brown of Baldwin, and Messrs. Flint & Brown of Baldwin, had superior exhibits of Shorthorns, the former cows, heifers and calves, and the latter a large and handsome bull.

Mr. Peter W. Aver of Freedom, had a herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns of the Bates and other stocks, from James O. Sheldon, Geneva, N. Y., and others. The bull, Knight of Geneva, 6 years old, has taken three prizes at the Maine State fairs, Bangor, Lewiston and Portland. Mr. Ayer had also a handsome Shorthorn cow of the common Durham breed, 8 years old, with a calf 5 months old of the Geneva stock; also other choice cows and heifers. Mr. Robert Oliver of Freedom, had a very handsome pair of grade steers, 3 years old, of the Knight of Geneva stock, and they were entered in the sweepstakes class. Mr. Otis of Hallowell, had a very choice herd of thoroughbred Shorthorns, including the bull Red Rover, 2 years old, girth 7 feet 1 inch.

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NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURE AT THE CENTENNIAL.

The New England Agricultural Society, through its Secretary, addressed a letter to Burnet Landreth, Esq., Chief of the Bureau of Agriculture, proposing to aid the Centennial by opening its rooms in Boston as a bureau of information to all parties in New England who might contemplate exhibiting live stock at Philadelphia. In reply, Col. Needham has received the following letter from Mr. Landreth, which, as it contains an amount of valuable information, is here-with given in our columns:—

LETTER FROM BURNET LANDRETH.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION—1876.
U. S. Centennial Commission,
PHILADELPHIA, Aug 7, 1867.

HON. DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Sec'y New Eng. Agricultural Society,
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir: I am very happy to hear that your Society has taken the "Bull by the horns" and that we may expect a show of Live Stock from New England.

The Transportation Companies under the standing arrangements with the Centennial Commission, will return free from the International Stock Yard to point of original shipment, all stock upon which full freight was paid in first instance. A circular will be issued in a few days by the Bureau of Transportation, giving detailed instructions upon the manner of shipping stock to the Exhibition.

The prizes offered for *competition* by the Commission, consists of four objects, the three latter being given to each exhibitor of meritorious animals.

First—General Reports upon breeds, for reference being had to animals exhibited or of superlative merit.

Second—Special Reports upon all animals of high typical developments under the strictest classification as to breed, age and sex, but as applied to single animals and herds and flocks.

Third and Fourth—Diploma and Bronze Medals by the United States Centennial Commission. The Diploma and Medal will be open to all who are fortunate enough to receive them, but the special Reports will differ, according to merit, and will be highly valuable to breeders more so indeed than prizes of money or plate, as that can be lost or stolen, and at best can only be seen by a limited number, while the report can be used without limitation.

In addition to the Awards by the Centennial Commission, many special prizes will be offered, the list now comprising the following, and to which additions are being made

$250 for the first best Alderney Cow, by Alderney Society.
$100 for the second best Alderney Cow, by Alderney Society.
$250 for the first best Jersey Bull, by Jersey Society.
$100 for the second best Jersey Bull, by Jersey Society.
$100 for the best herd of Shorthorns, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best herd of Jersey Cattle, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best herd of Swine, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best flock of Long Wool Sheep, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best flock of Short Wool Sheep, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best flock of Middle Wool Sheep, by Pennsylvania State Agricultural Society.
$100 for the best display of Poultry, by Pennsylvania Poultry Society.
$50 for the best display of Swine, by Forest & Stream.
$20 by Philadelphia Sportsmans' Club in two prizes, one for best setter of any breed over one year, and one for best pointer of any weight over one year.
$50 prize, by Chicago Field, for
$50 by C. S. Westcott for second best setter bitch or any breed over one year.
$50 prize, by Frank Ryan, for best imported English set of.
$20 prize, by Chas E. Tucker, for best Cocker Spaniel.
$50 prize, by John Krider, for the best bred American Setter of
Silver dog whistle, by Capt. A. H. Clay, for second best American setter of
Silver collar, by Frank Ryan, for best Dachshund
Silver cup, by *Turf, Field & Farm*, for

The entries up to the 20th of August will be incorporated in the official Live Stock Catalogue, the entry books will remain open after that, and, up almost to the opening day of each sereal show—the disadvantage of late entry resting upon the exhibitor in not having them in the catalogue.

All animals occupying pens assigned them are liable, though of late entry, be brought before the Judges for competition, examination and report.

Canada will show six hundred head of horses, neat cattle, sheep and swine. One hundred and fifty of each group, and they carefully selected, a special committee appointed by the Canadian Government, to assist Exhibitors will show over one hundred head under the auspices of the English Commission, and English bred stock consigned to American agents will more than treble that amount. One American agent has entered one shipment of one hundred and fifty sheep, the consignment of three breeders of high standing, among the lot are the ewes, and a greater part of the rams of Cotswolds, at the late Royal Agricultural Show.

It behooves Americans to be upon their guard else the awards will go over the border if not over the sea.

Yours respectfully,
BURNET LANDRETH,
Chief of Bureau of Agriculture.

Since advertising the notice of the proposed offer of the New England Society to communicate information to stock raisers and breeders of stock, at its head quarters in Boston, a large number of interested gentlemen from various parts of the New England States have called to make enquiries.

Col. Needham has received blanks, such as are issued from the Centennial headquarters at Philadelphia, and any information needed by parties intending to exhibit live stock at Philadelphia, can now be had by calling at No. 45 Milk Street, corner of Devonshire Street, Boston.

JUDGES ON LIVE STOCK AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

The following official appointments of judges of live stock, &c., have been appointed by the Centennial Commission. The whole number of them is 93, of whom 40 are Americans, the remaining 53 being divided equally between England and France.

Horses, Mules and Asses—John Kentucky, Lexington, Ky; J. W. Welden, New York City; Brazil Duke, St. Louis; Colonel E. Sewell, Cornwall, Vt.; George Murray, Racine, Wisconsin; Donaldson Hoff, Macon, Ga.; Thomas D. Dewey, Owasso, Mich.; Milo Smith, Clinton, Iowa; Gen. Thomas G. Williams, Austin, Texas; S. P. Brown, Washington, D. C.; Archibald McAllister, Springville Furnace, Blair County, Pa.; S. H. Tewksbury, Portland, Me.

Neat Cattle—T. C. Jones, Delaware, Ohio; William Heine, Springfield, Mass.; John Heven, Fort Washington, N. Y.; Warren Percival, Yarmouth, Me.; Colin Cameron, Lancaster, Pa.; Gen. Lew Wallace, Crawfordsville, Ind.; Asbe Smith, M. D., Houston, Texas.

Sheep—George Campbell, Westminster, Vt.; E. H. Lohman, Salt Lake City, Utah; Hon. Peter Stockbine, Wahoo, Neb.; O. H. Buchanan, Mt. Pleasant; Henry county, Ia.

Swine—Alfred Gray of Kansas, and J. M. Wanburn, Sioux Falls, Dakota.

Dogs—Chas. H. Raymond, Morris Plains, N. Y.; J. Skinner, of the *Turf, Field and Farm*, New York; E. M. Gillespie, Columbus, O.; John E. Long, Detroit, Michigan.

Poultry—S. P. Lose, Iowa City, Ia.; Mark Dunn, Beverly, Mass.; A. M. Halsted, Rye, N. Y.; Colonel Crosby, Danbury, Ct.; W. F. Rogers, Doylestown, Pa.

Pomology—Geo L. Davenport, Davenport, Ia.; Parker Earle, Cobden, Illinois; S. F. Hull, Cornish, Me.; Hon. J. Yellowby, Canton, Miss.; T. T. Lyon, South Haven, Mich.; Thomas Meehan, A. W. Harrison, Edwin Satterthwaite, Josiah Hooper and William L. Schaeffer of Philadelphia; Wm. Parry of New Jersey.

The Annual Meeting of the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society was held at Manchester Tuesday evening, Sept. 5, members from all parts of the State being present. General Natt Head was elected president, Colonel George W. Riddle treasurer, and Aaron Young secretary. Arrangements for the State Fair, October 3, 4 and 5, were perfected. Colonel Edward C. Shirley of Goffstown will be the chief marshal. It was voted to reduce the admission fee from 50 to 25 cents. Arrangements will be made with the principal railroads to transport stock and passengers at reduced rates. One thousand dollars in purses will be offered for trotting horses of New Hampshire only, the entries to close Sept. 25. Farmers' meetings will be held in the City Hall each evening during the fair under the direction of the State Agricultural Board, and prominent agriculturalists from other States will be present.

☞ The Maine Pomological Society will exhibit this year at Waterville, at the time of the exhibition of the North Kennebec Society, but entirely independent of it.

☞ We have received the *Twentieth Annual Report* of the Secretary of the Maine Board of Agriculture, for the year 1875, from the Secretary. It is a volume full of most valuable matter. Besides the report of the menhaden and herring fisheries of the State as sources of fertilization, it contains the series of papers on various subjects presented at the Winter Meeting, and the other series presented at the Semi-Annual Meeting. Also a paper on the Management of Grass Lands and Pastures, one about Foods, by the Secretary, and one on Fish Scraps and Guano. It will be an acquisition to the agriculturist's library, and of fresh practical farm service.

☞ *American Dairying*, a Manual for Butter and Cheese Makers, by L. B. Arnold, Secretary of the American Dairymen's Association, is a timely book on a subject of great and growing importance. A familiar acquaintance with its contents would be money in the pockets of all persons who give attention to the dairying industry. This manual is well printed, conveniently divided, and liberally illustrated, and cannot but secure the wide circulation it deserves. It professes to be a safe guide, whether it opens new paths in the dairying business or not.

☞ Col. Russell, desirous of showing his famous stallion to the people and breeders of Maine, has decided to trot him at Portland on Tuesday, Sept. 12; at Gardiner on Saturday, Sept. 16; at Bangor on Friday, Sept. 22, and at St. John on Wednesday, 27th.

☞ As the time for sowing Winter Rye approaches, farmers may be reminded of the great power of the *Stockbridge Rye Fertilizer*, whose value is set forth in careful detail by W. H. Bowker & Co., sole agents, in their advertisement. The Fertilizer is also as effective for winter wheat, top dressing, and Fall seeding. The *Brighton Fertilizer* is sold by the same enterprising and reliable firm.

☞ *The National Family Cider and Wine Mill* offered to farmers and families in this week's *Ploughman* is named as a new thing in point of principle, entirely away from the path of previous inventions. Old defects are supplied, while more product is obtained than by the presses generally used. The Ames Plow Company have this new Mill for sale, at prices and on terms which ought to attract immediate attention.

☞ *French's Business and Nautical College* holds out attractive inducements to young men to acquire a practical business training which will prove a substantial support. It is an old established Boston institution, and has graduated a large number of young men who are not likely to forget its benefits. The advertisement tell more about it.

☞ *Storer's Bleachery* is a favorite emporium for ladies whose thrift inclines them to make everything last to the end. It is located at 673 Washington street, and the hats "done over" there are said to be without number.

☞ A new candidate for favor is the N. Eng. *Illustrated News*, a weekly quarto, whose pictorial records promise to supply a want in the newspaper field that has been long felt. It is a very handsome enterprise as started, and we wish it unbounded success.

☞ *The Maine State Agricultural Society* has awarded the 1st premium to the "Haymaker" Mower, exhibited by Geo. B. Weaver, Newport, R. I.

The Portable Fountain Pump and Sprinkler, a convenient, durable and efficient Fire Extinguisher should be in readiness on the farm and at every country home, especially at this the coming season of the dry days. See what we have to be started soon The Fountain Pump has been used at a great many fires and has saved from destruction many valuable houses and buildings that would surely have been burned had not this handy implement been at hand. It is receiving universal praise, and every farmer should own one. It is also admirably adapted for use in the garden, and worth the cost of it for destroying insects alone. Among stock horses and cattle, it can be used for a veterinary surgeon's syringe, by attaching the flexible nozzle. It is also worth double its cost for clearing underground water pipes from obstructions. Send to the manufacturer, J. A. Whitman, Providence, R. I., for large and handsomely illustrated circular with testimonials.

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Price, complete, $25.00.
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SOLE MAKERS,
Quincy Hall, Boston.
Liberal discount for cash orders. Send for circular.
sept9 4t

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Practical and Analytical Chemists.
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This Cider Press worked by hand or power, makes more cider in half the time, and with less power than other in use—will make 30 bbls and more with power per day. Full particulars and names of Parties that have used our Presses and Graters several seasons, sent free by addressing W. W. DENNIS & CO., 104 Sudbury Street, Boston. Sole owners in New England States of the BOOMER & BOSCHERT PRESS for CIDER, LARD, TALLOW and WINE. aug26 tf&m

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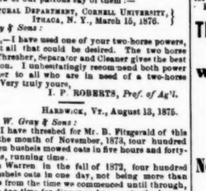

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☞ The Principals may be found at the school-house, and *daily* on and after Wednesday, Sept. 6, from 9 to 1 o'clock. Examinations for classification will take place Sept. 11 and 12. Catalogues may be had at the bookstores of A. WILLIAMS & CO., 283 Washington street; at THOS. GROOM & CO., 107 State street, and at the School.
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aug26-6t GEORGE N. COMER, A. M., President

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Better in many respects than a money capital, and enables them to enter upon the affairs of life understandingly, also to fill many positions of honor and emolument. There is always room at the top of the ladder," and a practical education combined with a good moral character will enable you to reach it. For circular, etc., address CHAS. FRENCH, A. M., 630 Washington St., Boston.
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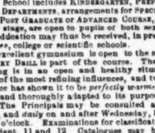

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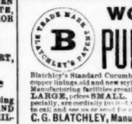

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Blachley's Standard Curbsteel and Graham Co.'s Pumps, with copper linings, all and new styles, and all valuable improvements. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. LARGE, (cheap SMALL. Vindicator Pump Co., Boston, Mass. Manufactured by the Vindicator Pump Co., Boston, Mass. Send for Circular. Agents wanted in every town in the U. S. Liberal discount to the trade. Address to call and see us at our Warerooms, 107 Washington St

The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE COTTAGE GIRL.

BY SOPHIA ANDREWS.

Far from the busy scenes of life,
No worldly cares annoy,
A humble cottage once was seen,
A home of peace and joy;
Where Eva and her father dwelt,
Nor envied wealth and power;
They bless'd each happy day that dawn'd,
Nor look'd beyond the hour.

Scarce had eighteen summers smil'd
O'er this, his only darling child,
And oft his widow'd heart would trace
Her mother's features in her face.
And as he gazed, he sigh'd to mark
Her coral lips, her eyes so dark;
Vague fears upon his heart would press
Whilst gazing on her loviness.

Could he have dream'd that danger lay
In Eva's path, from that bright day
Which brought a stranger to his gate,
That she was hurrying on to fate?
Would that her eyes had never met
His sparkling orbs of burning jet!
The stranger gazed upon her face,
And each emotion plainly traced;
He mark'd the blush, he heard the sigh,
And triumph brighten'd his dark eye.

Again he came, and time sped on,
For she was fair to look upon;
A gentle girl, both bright and good,
A dainty piece of womanhood.
His love confess'd, her beauty prais'd,
'Till Eva's every fear allay'd,
She parley'd with the tempter, till
Her senses struggl'd with her will.

It little recks to think or tell
By what foul arts the victim fell;
She wander'd from her childhood's home,
The wide world free for her to roam.
And now she seeks in prayer and praise
Peace from repentance, pleasant ways
To smooth her path till death shall call
To free her spirit from earth's thrall.

Ladies' Department.

By the Sad Sea Waves.

The waves are rolling in slowly; the rows of cottagers and the one hotel are bathed in an unbroken and a garnish flood of light; the beach is dotted with the usual specimens of "the human form divine" that one sees at the sea-shore; while the inevitable small child trots around ubiquitously, overshadowed by a large amount of hat, and displaying an amazing brevity of skirt, and much (or, very much!) of bare, mottled leg.

Lastly, here am I, uncomfortably seated on a pile of wood, the centre of a swarm of gnats, trying to look as if I enjoyed it, and conscious that I am failing miserably.

It is not one of our populous places, resorted to by fashion, but a little primitive beach, sought by those who require cheapness and privacy.

'If,' I meditate, 'I could only think of an appropriate poem, perhaps I might be able to get enthusiastic over that dreary sweep of water. There's nothing else for me to do.'

Poetry is not my strong point, and I rack my brain for at least three minutes. At last the lines come:

'The sea, the sea, the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the——'

A woman's voice, close at hand, says, 'roast veal.' What else I hear not, for those two words carry my thoughts forward to dinner. But no—vain hope—dinner is still a thing of the future.

At this point the aforesaid small child sets up a dismal howl, and flies in affright from 'some great dread unthinkable' (the deep? (length one inch and a half) that its grubbing has disinterred. Its fright gives me malicious pleasure; but even that does not last long, and after a long yawn, I rise to go. But at this moment a figure in lime gingham comes in sight, and I sit down to wait.

She comes along with light, easy steps, and presently she stops close to me and speaks. She is a girl of twenty-two, with wavy auburn hair, and a pair of deep-set gray eyes with dark brows and lashes; her mouth is somewhat wide, and her nose short and retrousse; but the lime gown shows off every curve of a superb figure, and her skin is prettily tinted. Somehow people always look twice at her.

'Well?' I say, lazily interrogative.

'Well?' she echoes. 'Look here, Deborah. If I get so bored in this place that I drown myself, just remember, please, that you brought me here.'

'Why, Ottalie——' I begin, with aggrieved sharpness.

'Perhaps you didn't,' she interrupts, contradictorily but pleasingly. 'That is what you are going to say, and I dare say it's true. I *did* want to come to the sea-side; and—and as we had to bury ourselves somewhere, this antediluvian place, Sone, was as good as any other. And the sea is always nice, you know: only,—her big eyes turn wrathfully seaward—there is a little too much of it here, and nothing of anything else! Sure a goodish set of people could not have collected at any place but Sore.'

'As for the people, Ottalie, I had an idea we wanted to avoid society. Besides, Sone is cheap—'

'And nasty,' puts in my sister.

'Why do you indulge in these words, Ottalie? Sone is not bad, though there is no circulating library, I go on; 'nothing fit to eat, and no sleep to be had for the gnats.' I end by making a frantic lunge at one of the enemy—of course I miss him. I always do. Ottalie laughs.

'Poor old *Deb*, you are getting on bravely. Novels, eating, and sleeping—sure signs of spinsterhood! Don't think I say it reproachfully. I wonder'—clasping her hands fervently—'why people ever marry?'

'I'm sure I don't know.'

'If aunt Rebecca would only die, and go to heaven,' she goes on meditatively, 'we should be rich.'

'And what if we were rich?'

'We could go away ever so far; where nobody would ever see or find us.'

'Afghanistan's a good place,' I say dryly.

'Yes!' she says, with a short laugh. 'Only aunt Rebecca won't. Though she is not a bit of use down here—except to sing hymns.'

'You ought to be ashamed, Ottalie.'

'I'm not,' she says, cheerfully. 'You are always wishing yourself, that aunt Rebecca was gone somewhere.'

I wisely affect not to hear.

'Let us go over to the inlet,' she adds, jumping up; 'anything's better than sitting here.'

The inlet is a small bay, chiefly remarkable for its calmness, solitude, and gnats. But why it should have been named the inlet nobody seems to know.

'Sometimes I think all this must be a dream,' Ottalie says, as we saunter along in the heat, how things have changed! What a contrast it presents to the days when we were with papa, and he was flourishing. This is a wretched life.'

'It is a little better than your life last year, Ottalie.'

She turns away quickly; but presently begins to hum a tune. 'Wretched I know it is for her; but any reference to the past she will not hear from me. Five minutes later we stand on the edge of the water.

Ottalie points to a small rowing-boat. 'See,' she says, 'that boat is what I've been trying to get ever since we came here. We'll borrow it for a little while, Deb.'

'Borrow it?'

'Just to sit in,' she says, jumping in. 'Oh, it is cool and pleasant sitting here! Come in, Deb.'

I don't know why I always obey her; she knows that she tyrannizes over me. In I go.

'The least little push—so—Deb, will run it off into the water.'

The boldness of the assertion locks my lips, and almost before I understand the situation we are skimming away from shore. People have said Ottalie rows well; I know the fact does not comfort me in the least. I close my eyes and cling to the boat-aide.

Ottalie laughs, and begins to sing; so I am left in peace to indulge my fears. I always was a coward on the water.

'*Won't* you put back, Ottalie?'

But Ottalie only smiles, and sings the louder. Presently I find myself almost a mile out.

'Four o'clock!' I say, drawing out my watch.

'Is it?' Ottalie asks, lazily. 'I know what an inquiring mind you have, Deborah, and I am taking you to explore the Isle of Shoals!' Her eyes flashed laughter as I expostulate:

'It is dinner time. At least, it will be by the time we get back.'

'My dear Deborah,' she says coolly, backing water, 'I am not a well-regulated individual like you; my appetite does not depend on the clock!' And, as she speaks, she runs the boat into land. 'Now, let us explore,' she says, preparing to get out.

'And let the boat drift off?' I ask, tartly.

'No; don't come out; stay where you are,' shouts out a strange masculine voice from the shore. We both start.

'Push off,' I whisper, nervously. But before Ottalie, with all her dexterity, can obey, a gentleman, with fishing-basket and tackle, comes rushing down and jumps in.

'My girl,' he says to Ottalie, as he takes the seat facing her, 'the next time Michael sends you to bring a hungry man back to shore and dinner, please don't make a pleasure excursion of it! Row quickly now, and make up for lost time.'

Ottalie's back is toward me, but, just as I open my lips to answer, she turns to me a very red face, and makes me a sign to be quiet.

The gentleman lights his cigar, and leans back, fixing his eyes on Ottalie.

'By Jove!' he ejaculates presently, 'you are pretty, and no mistake.'

I have noticed the best of men think themselves at liberty to speak out to a girl the admiration they only dare look to a lady.

Ottalie glances over her shoulder (with a crimson face) at me again, and once more I hold my tongue. Well, perhaps in the position it was best to be silent. We had brought it upon ourselves.

'I would take the oars myself,' he adds, 'only I gave my wrist an ugly wrench yesterday; so there can be no more rowing for me yet awhile. Tell your father to send you as long as I am helpless—that is, if you want to come. Do you?'

There is a little pause, and then Ottalie answers, in her old, care-for-nothing tone, 'Yes.'

I hold my breath; but nothing more is said. He only laughs. So he takes us for 'Michael's' daughters, whomsoever he and they may be.

I feel dowdy; I feel that we both look just as Michael's daughters might look. I am not much to boast of on orthodox occasions; but now my hat is over one ear, my cotton gown is rumpled, and I can tell that my nose is red, and my face a mass of freckles. Ottalie is also rumpled. Her lilac sleeves are rolled up, and her hat is lying at my feet. Yes, we might surely sit as models for these mythical daughters of Michael.

Next I look at our 'fare.' He is tall and broad-shouldered, and clean-limbed; his face is rather square, his features are irregular, and his mouth is covered by a black moustache; he is either very dark or much sunburnt. But there is something in his countenance that I like, something also in his voice, and he has the unmistakable bearing of a well-bred man.

Finding he cannot make Michael's daughters talk with him, he subsides into silence, enjoying his cigar. Then we reach shore.

A scramble out first, before he rises; he follows; then comes Ottalie. Once more on land, my courage revives.

'Tell Michael,' he begins—but I interrupt him. In my opinion it is high time the farce should cease.

'You are mistaken, Sir,' I say, tartly, trying to speak *de haut en bas.* 'We are not Michael's daughters.'

'Not Michael's daughters!' he repeats. 'Then who the dev—I beg your pardon. Then who are you?' But he speaks with a ring of mockery in his tone. What with that and what with Ottalie's black looks at me, I turn back to speak again.

'We did not go after you—to fetch you—we knew nothing about you. Ott—this lady got into the boat for pastime, believing it to be at liberty, and she was foolish enough to row over to the opposite side of the inlet. We are ladies.'

'Thanks,' he answers, staring at both of us and raising his straw hat. My tones may not have impressed him—perhaps puzzled him; for there is a slighting lightness about him, and anything but reverence in his face.

'Thanks for your kind exertions,' he adds to Ottalie, who blushes furiously and makes no reply.

Raising his hat again, he walks his way, and we walk ours. Glancing back, I see a man in a rough costume approach us.

'Good gracious, that must be Michael!' I say. 'He will want to charge us for the boat.'

Ottalie turns upon me savagely. 'Deborah, you are an idiot! Had you only held your tongue, he would never have found us out—never. What does it matter if he did take us for the daughters of—'

'Had you not better tell me it was my fault we took the boat at all?' I retort. 'I wish you would not do these things.'

'What a good-looking man he is!'

We walk home in silence, for I don't answer her. Ottalie hates reproach, but she is a little ashamed of the escapade herself. Since then we learn that the gentleman's name is Daine; he is apparently well-to-do, and is supposed to have come to this little out-of-the-world place, Sone, for a spell of quietness. He lives at the hotel, pays liberally, and keeps himself to himself,' occupying his time with boating and fishing. It is I who hear these items of news, and I try to impart them to Ottalie, but she will not listen. Meanwhile, if by chance we meet the stranger, he lifts his hat in silence, and gazes at Ottalie as he passes. Probably, just as we have heard his name, he has heard ours, and knows that we are not Michael's daughters, but the Miss Peyres. And each time this meeting occurs, Ottalie's blushes grow more ridiculous. It makes me angry with her.

Three Sundays come and go. On the fourth we see our schoolboy cousin, Keith Harland, who has come down to Sone with his mother. Mrs. Harland looks frostily blue, and does not even give us the tips of her fingers to shake. Of course, she did not know we were at Sone, for we had not enlighten the world as to our movements. Her dead husband was our mother's cousin; so the relationship to her is not much, but what it is she is ashamed of. The scrambling, moving-about, shady kind of life that Ottalie and I lead does not enhance our worth in her eyes. Lead it we must, however, until the end comes and she 'finds' a friend. And then? Well, perhaps in the Great Hereafter Ottalie and I may attain to respectability.

On Monday morning Keith comes rushing into our lodgings, all excitement.

'I say, Ottalie, what do you think?' he cries. 'Who *do* you think is here?'

'Who is?' asks she, from her place on the music-stool.

'Jasper Daine. I have just seen him.'

Ottalie strums away and does not answer. She is as red as the poppies outside.

'Who is Jasper Daine?' I question.

'A regular brick,' responds Keith. 'He was at college with Tom ages ago, and he came over to see Tom last autumn and get some shooting. He has a nice piece of his own.'

'And is well off?'

'Well off? I wish I was likely to be half as well. He is going to take me out fishing this afternoon. I told him you two were here, and that you were my cousins.'

I draw the boy to me as Ottalie leaves the room, and look into his eyes, speaking impressively:

'Keith, you must take care. No tales out of school, you know, about past troubles.'

At first the lad gazing hard at me with his honest eyes, scarcely seems to understand. And I add, 'For Ottalie's sake.'

'Why, Deb, I hope you don't think there's a need to caution me on that score,' he says, promptly and half indignantly. 'My mother would skin me, I expect, if I could talk about *that*. And serve me right, too!'

Sitting on the bench in our so itary cottage garden at sunset, I see two figures coming across the sands. Can Keith be going to bring that man here? How stupid the lad is!

Yes, on they come, and inside the gate—Keith eager as the school-boy he is, the other already lifting his straw hat respectfully. Ottalie rises deliberately, turns her back, and looks over the side palings.

'Mr. Daine, Miss Pyre,' cries the lad, making the introduction after the manner of his elders. 'And this is her sister,' he adds, pulling Ottalie round by the arm. 'Ottalie, here's Mr. Daine.'

Ottalie and I bow stiffly; she puts on her coldest manner, comes back to her seat, and takes it. Mr. Daine sits down, facing us, in a small iron chair. Keith climbs the trunk of the big tree and lodges himself amid the branches. He begins telling of their fishing expedition in the afternoon, and what they caught and did not catch, which leads us on to general conversation. In the midst of it appears the small servant-maid.

'Tea is waiting, Ma'am,' she says to me.

What can I do but ask the intruder to take some tea? We all go into the sitting-room together. I place myself before the table; they range themselves at the open windows. Ottalie's beautiful gray eyes glance up at him ever and anon through their long dark lashes as he talks to her.

'Now, is he not a jolly brick?' demands Keith, as Mr. Daine says good night and leaves.

'Very,' cries Ottalie, sarcastically.

'I can tell you, Ottie, all the girls down with us thought so. Not that *he* thinks much of women,' adds Master Harland, 'He does not take to them. And now I must go, or my mother will be outrageous. I dined with him at the hotel—such a jolly dinner!'

'Well, this is very pretty!' I cry, as the boy disappears. 'That insolent man, of all others, to make friends with us!'

'Why did you give him tea?' says Ottalie. 'Give him tea! could I help it? And for you to talk so freely with him, Ottalie! I did hope you had learned prudence—'

'I did hope you had learned prudence,' mimics Ottalie. 'Mark me, Deborah; if anything upsets our equanimity, our domestic calm, you will have brought it upon yourself.'

'Go on, go on, child.'

But she does not go on. She turns to the piano, and begins the first bars of the old French song:

'Partant pour la Syrie, le jeune et brave Damois.'

'Women and moths,' I murmur. 'She has singed herself once, and she'd like to flutter near the flame again.' And I take up the bedroom candlestick.

Day: Sunday. Time: five o'clock on a sultry afternoon. Dramatis personæ: Ottalie, myself and Jaspar Daine, who has just unlatched the gate and is sauntering toward us. Ottalie is on the bench under the tree. I am in the room, looking from the window.

'Been fishing?' she asks, laconically, as he drops down by her side, and nods to me. Fishing! how irreverent she is.

'No,' he says, 'I have been boring myself with myself. After inflicting my company on you in the morning, I had not the face to come any sooner; and while I was thrown on my own resources I came to the conclusion that, in point of dullness, Sone and church are about on a par.'

I am getting used to this man and his cynical irreverence; but this last startles me, so that I exclaim in reproof. He turns to give me an amused look.

'Tell your father to send you as long as I am helpless—that is, if you want to come. Do you?'

There is a little pause, and then Ottalie answers, in her old, care-for-nothing tone, 'Yes.'

I hold my breath; but nothing more is said. He only laughs. So he takes us for 'Michael's' daughters, whomsoever he and they may be.

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